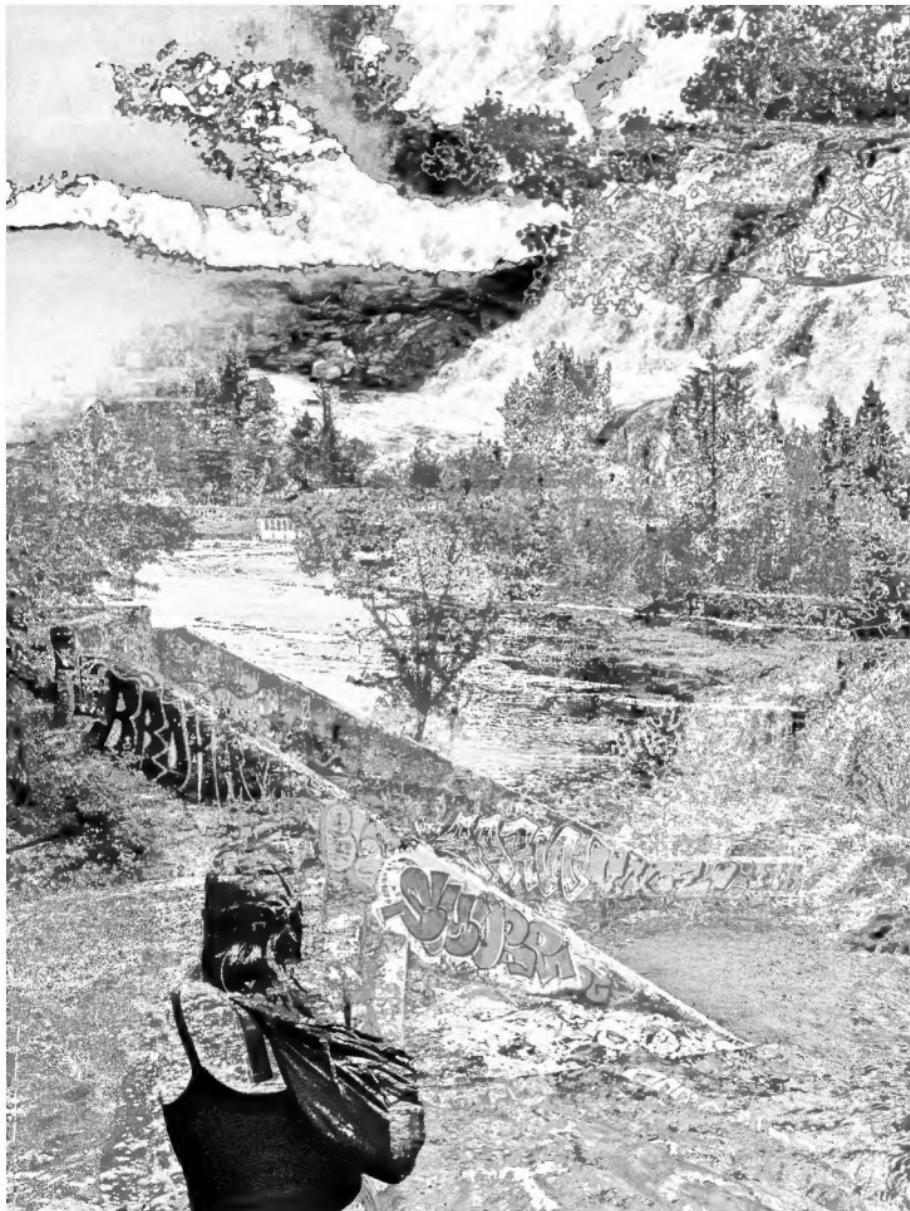


object permanence

cheryl graves



- SUBJECT induced self-crystalisis prior initial contact. Structure found ULTRAVIOLET-TYPE. Mostly harmless. PILOT ID inconclusive. Scans indicate advanced stage dysfigurement [potential hormonicroft?]; caution has been advised re: SUBJECT until further notice.
- Vessel retrieved ~69m from TERROR-GRADE SHELL. Dismantled & sequestered for further testing. Fractal structure matches æschedontic degen schematics. Confiscated retrafootage indicates TERROR-GRADE SHELL responsible for INDESCENCE 33.19.17. Exhaustive damage to REDACTED COP FOG & surrounding areas. Witnesses exterminated. Site marked as quarantined.
- SUBJECT now extracted from crystalis. Unconscious & malformed. Reconstructure has begun. Blood work indicates advance stage temporal transubstantiation, possibly of own volition. Conclusive re: internet search history & unheterotic contraband confiscated from SUBJECT's living space [see: EVIDENT-5, -42]. Individuals suggesting further endochronology.
- Sentience regained. Penal torture protocol initiated.
- All hope successfully eradicated. EMOTIONAL STATE: moderately heightened. Corrective rapes unfruitful. Possible psyche damage. DEEP TRANSGRESS requested. Granting EMOPATH AUTHORIZATION TO UNIT-333.



When I came home everything was fucked.
Floods glued everything together into a mass of ocean water and semen. I had started cleaning up this mess when I found her pulped on a pile of moldy clothing. Any significance she once held was lost. I couldn't even remember her name.

Government scions designate me a "BARISTA" class employee based on a culled graft of work records. Derogatory sins officially forgiven in exchange for these residual memories. All of them awful. So I carried on like it never really happened.

The stranger said, "You look familiar."

I replied, "That's impossible. Officiants expunge my identity from databases and assign me a new one on a biweekly basis." Smiling politely, knowing my place. Profit support via caffeine. Steraline defects such as me hold no other value.

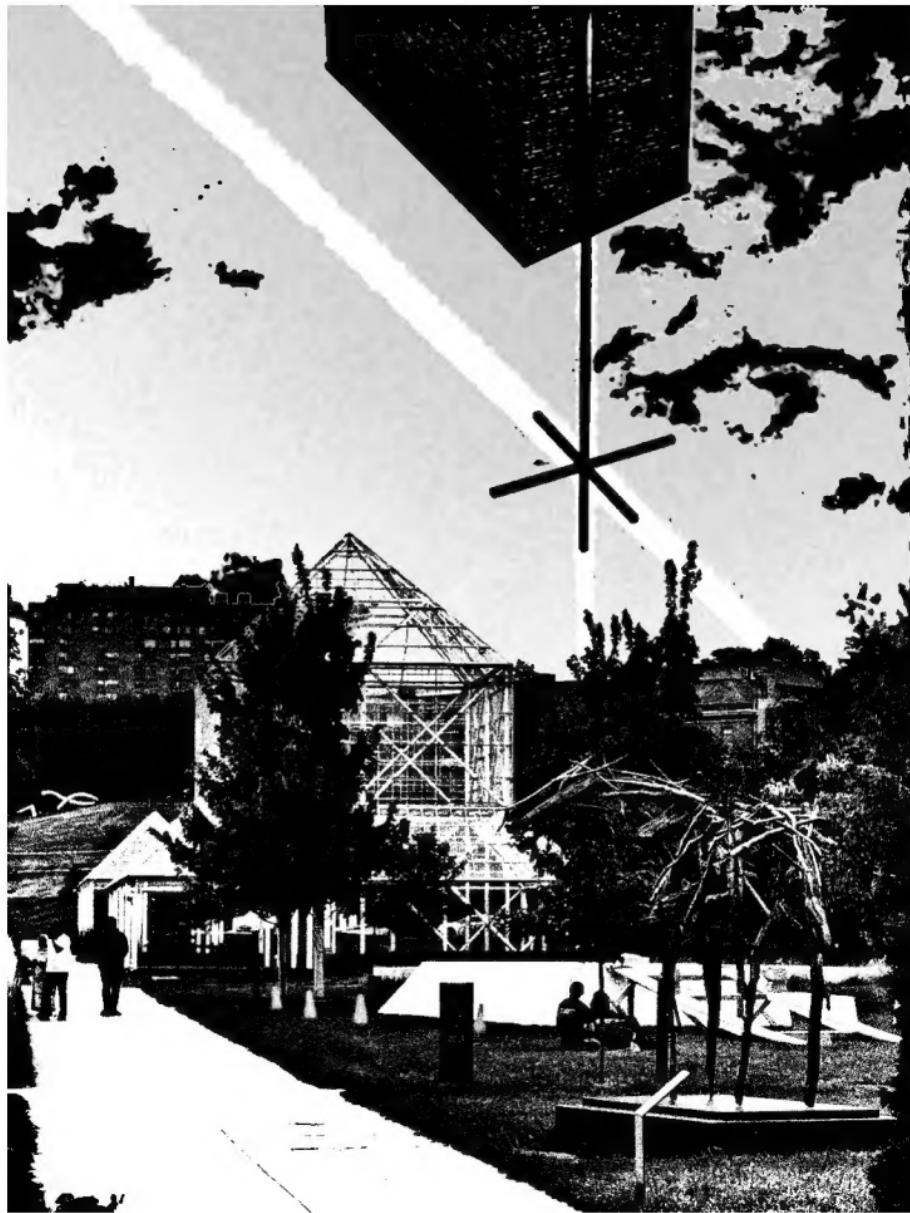
Out back there was a ruckus. Local tryptophant collectives run isolation drills testing newfound hypothetical terrorisms at postdawn. Someone

had provided them a themporal gun, so they'd been blasting paradoxies in the alley, lathing null abysses in the dilapidated brick wall. Anonymin clad head to toe in reflexive neon briefly altered the chemerical properties of concrete, imploding the pricint 12 blocs up the road. Resultant void displacing air rattled the coffee shop, shattering all of our glasses. None of this was my concern. Only the aftershocks. I swept glass for reforgery, mopped up and remade the stranger's drink.

Walking home that night, I never saw it coming. Confused at what had hit me. The blackjack once again against my face. Pinned down in the rain.

With these arms outstretched above my head against the wet concrete. It was the way her teeth shined against the light of headlamps. Laughing.

Interstial wind and sirens in the distance. Steel chains all around. Pinching at my wrists. Slither and work me into makeshift puppetry. The tip of the blade pressed sharp against my throat. Real close. Her breath like rainforests. Musky and fragrant. An acrid black coffee stink. Slightly sour. She pulls the chain towards herself. Bound arms follow, sitting me upright. Sticks my fingers down her throat. Gag; I squirm, convulse. She pushes them a little deeper. Retching. At last, a stream of black and beige spews out between her lips, over my arm, soaking through my shirt, opulence streaming across the shallow asphalt. Flecks of fruit and pastry wash aside. The knife, so subtle I'd almost forgotten it, slashing at my filthy garments, rendering them torn, cropped and feminized. Pulling me taught, kneeling in the filthy water at my feet, my reflection a pale facade etched out of blood and bruises. Her handiwork dredging up the secrets hid beneath my surface.



ÆSCHADONIA can not be classified under any current sanctioned diagnoses found under the DSM-VII-2. Unlike other known neurodegeneracies, **ÆSCHADONIA** does not manifest in wavelengths, presenting instead as vibratory.

Research on **ÆSCHADONIA** has been elementary at best. Similarities to █ have been noted, presently pending plagiaristic endorsement. THE NERVOSA INSTITUTE first documented cases as early as SUMMER 2112, but only recently have been approved for fundation following a promising demonstration of hypothetrical applications.

ÆSCHADONIA is most commonly discernable in sexual minorities. Although long considered merely speculation, surveyal finds 96% of diagnostates fall under HOMOPATHIC, SAPPHORIAN & TRANSVEXTUAL archeotypes, with an additional 3% of sufferants expressing repressed "CLOSENT GENOMES." 1% opted out of observal via elective suicide.

Symptoms of **ÆSCHADONIA** overlap multiple neuroticisms, proving resistant to vaccinalysis. Some theses claim its nature as aphysical. Albeit blasphemous, several experts have categoricized **ÆSCHADONIA** as a spiritual condition, while others hypothesize its root in the ephemeral.

ÆSCHADONIA may be further subdivided into 3 typologies:

PARASOCIAL,
NEUROVOIDANT,
& ERRONEOUS.

PARASOCIAL ÆSCHADONIA emits vibrant hues of false light. Typo cases experience an almost religious transcendence with vivid hallucinations of subservience provoking a defective assuredness of justice. Intense cognitospacial distortions induce corporial form alterations, resulting in surface-level mutastasis and outbursts of violence.

NEUROVOIDANT ÆSCHADONIA is defined by an empty bliss beyond reality, devolving into chronic self-erasial comorbid with depresence. Profundant phasing exogenial burnout may occur in macroscopic doses. Trace abyssal synapsoid fluids may cause corporeal incoherencies. Nihilanthic irony poisoning becomes contagious approaching fatal levels.

ERRONEOUS ÆSCHADONIA is the perhaps most difficult and dangerous to classify. Ontrance toxicities backwash into retrograde death. As a result, the nature of this typology inherently defies diagnosis. OBLIQUE PRESCIENCE IS ADVISED.



You wake up naked bound to a chair in a cold dark place.
Numb and aching. Ankle deep in liquid.

> sit

Some time passes by and your eyes adjust to the shadow.
You can make out a curved wall of brick. Twisting your
sore neck around reveals it forms a perfect circle.

> look up

The faintest hint of polluted yellowed sky, tiny pinpricks
of stars peek out through the grating maybe seven feet
above you. You hear something scampering.

> break loose

You are much too weak to break these ropes. Passivity has
finally betrayed you. Left you to die alone and apathetic.

> play dead

Somewhere before you've heard of foreign agents hiding
cyanide capsules in their teeth. You're not a spy, are you?

> do nothing

You are an active participant. Start acting like one.

> fuck off

Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?

> laugh

Your lungs contract but nothing comes out.

> wriggle

Oh, but there's some fight left in you just yet, despite everything. You manage to squirm enough to tip over onto your side. The chair creaks, but it does not break.

> roll over

You land on your back with a splash. Bending forward to keep your head above the water. Erotic silhouettes of girlish creatures circling above. Warmth streams forth from their rudimentary peni to your lips, quenching your thirst.



eyes betray whatever corruption we discover underneath her shallow surface. we do this without anesthesia so she might understand pain and its consequence. her screams are like honey to us. we drag our scalpel across her throat, carving away at the cartilage. she's been immobilized by a complex network of rods placed against various pressure points. the mallet smashes swiftly down upon her face. its head made of tiny softly sloping pyramids, tenderizing her flesh as we fracture the bone. a frozen pond cracking open beneath our feet with every impact. blood soaks through the gauze, revealing where we ought to strike her next. faces must be broken completely if they are to heal correctly. she needs the changes to set this time. strapped into a bed where no delusions of heaven can carry her away from us. we show her cartoons about monsters in our collective arms until she learns how to cry again and be held without hurting herself or others. anal tubing and a catheter ensures her captivity while training her tight hole for future breeding. a retractor pries the cut back open and we cut her vocal chords so we can solder them back together shortened. we seal this necessary wound with a choker graft made from the flesh of our enemy. we don't believe she's accepted her place among us yet. she's yet to surrender herself to what's real.





Despite your worst efforts, it's still you.

More or less.

You can't say you understand why.

So instead you focus on your training.

The newest student at the academy.

Learning how to properly dismantle angels.

You dress like you don't know what you're doing.

They run you through the tutorial stage.

You sit inside of a tube just big enough to not be too uncomfortable.

This slips into the back of your giant artificial body.

You both must be in perfect psychic synchronicity in order to function.

Today you and a small group of teenagers roughly the same age as you are learning how to walk.

Big jelly eyes affixed by optic cables transmitting direct feed three dimensional imagery to dual monitors.

You finger the control panels and joysticks.

They walk you through the startup sequence.

A crystal above you projects a divine disillusionment.

Everything comes through in fractals.

Overgrown suburbs fly beneath your stride.

Long since abandoned to kudzu and rot, stretching onward into oblivion.

You're reminded of something you've read before.
Reverberating through your own tragic backstory.
You come back and you don't know what happened.
The other pilots have restrained you.
This is really happening.
Your cockpit is bathed in hazard light.
For whatever reason, you find yourself screaming.
Your unwieldy and monstrous form's jagged gash of a
jaw spews green phosphorescence.

You try to break free of their grasp, snapping their
bones in the struggle, massive twisted limbs of titanite and
stainless steel painted purple, veined with neon orange.

Tendons snap, muscles burst.

Lasers emitted from every orifice, bile leaks through
your clenched teeth, splitting headache, ears ringing, big
red letters spelling out: DANGER, PRESSURE INCREASING,
SHUTDOWN IMMINENT.

You fade into a haze of TV static.
They debrief you from the hospital bed.
This isn't the first time that it's happened, but it's the
first time that you can remember it happening.
A brief debriefing and admonishment.
You apologize as best you can.
Your therapist suggests you should keep a diary.

The notebook tucked away beside your bed suggests you've tried this approach already.

Illegible scratch fills up half the pages.

Even if you could make out the words you wouldn't be able to make any sense out of them.

Blow the paycheck on booze and start drinking again.

You head into tomorrow's exercises with a headache.

She hands you your new latex jumpsuit.

Or rather, the one you used to wear.

You wonder how you used to fit in that.

She slips her feet into the neck of her own, pulls it up around her neck, then presses a button on the wrist.

It tightens to the contours of her body.

You follow her example and do the same.

Always falling behind.

Something must be going on inside your brain.

You buy psychedelics from a coworker and take them at local punk shows, letting yourself get tossed around in mosh pits, searching for a former clarity.

It's overwhelming.

You retreat to the darkness of your bedroom and the comfort of your laptop's glow.

You relate more to cartoons about killing than live-action shows or romances or slice of life.

Some days you blink and suddenly you have no idea where you are or how you got there until you stop to sit down and think about it for a while.

A stranger asks you for your name.

You're not sure exactly how to answer.

Aching void burning deep inside your skull.

The screens are flashing red again.

Your fingers are tight around her throat.

Polyurethane fuel veins bulge and throb.

Her steel teeth gaping silent in the storm.

She cannot breathe.

You realize what you're doing.

Let her go, and she crashes limp into the earth.

Despite the shame, you still visit her afterwards.

She's barely conscious, wrapped in gauze, plastic tubing taking care of basic biological functions as intravenous nanomachines stitch her back together.

Much too weak to speak.

Terror in her eyes.

Shortly after this you'll be transferred to a different outpost, another city that doesn't know who you are or all the awful things you've done.

They're giving you another chance.

You try to find another outlet besides doing drugs.

Like the addicts you admire you find catharsis in art.
You take creative writing classes in the fall.
You plan out a novel but it never comes together.
In the moment you feel genius, but upon further retrospection your drafts come across instead as derivative and uninspired.

The plot does not develop.
You pivot to short fiction at your teachers' suggestion but they sprawl out overwrought or lacking polish.

Far too ambitious considering your lack of skill.
The stories you tell are cynical and nihilistic.
Perhaps even reactionary.

The more literature you read the more you worry you might have nothing new or important to say.

Everything's been done before.
Reading back the words you wrote sounds awkward on your tongue.

You know nothing of erotics or poetry.
Maybe you're autistic.
You're tired of explaining the marks on your back.

Everyone simply assumes you were a victim of sorts, expressing remorse and sympathy, but when you tell them the truth, that these wounds were self-inflicted, they seem worried and confused.

This frustrates you immensely.

After all, the damage has been done.

You chopped your wings off.

Broke your halo.

She cuts her stomach open on the bone fragments
jutting out of your forehead, spilling blood and guts into
your mouth.

You patch her up, ignoring how deliciously she tastes.

Hiding your erection, taking pleasure in her pain.

She wants you to do it on purpose next time, but it's
just too much to think about, so you ignore her texts.

You're scared how much you like it on the other side.

Plucking feathers, clipping wings.

Getting off on your own cruelty.

You want to physically alter the shape of another.

Wishing it was easier to change than to be changed.

Pull the trigger.

Follow your instructions.

Lost in artificial light.

Scars you can't stop scratching.

Dying feathers peeking up through irritated tissue.

Rip and tear, until it is done.

You wake up and you don't know where you are.

They're shooting dog girl porno in the park.

From the bushes you count half a dozen or so, tails wagging in the hot summer sun.

A picnic blanket spread out by a tripod, boom laid on a table nearby with the rest of their equipment.

The director says: Action.

They all start making out and growling softly.

You feel weird, you're not supposed to be seeing this, but they're filming it out in the open, isn't that the appeal?

Why shouldn't you be touching yourself?

One dog reaches underneath another dog's skirt.

Her hand emerges seconds later, holding up a bulbous metal plug, glistening in the sun.

Milk pours out between the girls legs.

You can't stop masturbating.

Terrified someone might see you cum.

You start dressing like a slut.

Making your transgressions seem intentional.

Combat training finally goes well.

For once you're grasping the mechanics.

Controlling your self finally feels natural.

You stayed up late bonding over fighting games and pervert anime.

Earlier you showed up on a whim drunk beneath a blood moon to play capture the flag.

One of the puppies you jacked off to in the park last month smokes weed with you and you flirt for a while.

You're playing hide and seek now.

She sniffs you out, deep in the brush.

Rushes in before you get the chance to scamper away.

Her weight holding you down.

She picks a feather out from her teeth.

Refusing your apology.

There's no need for explanations.

Tracing along your wounds with her tongue.

She pulls back and lubricates her knot with dog spit, shoving it deep against your prostate.

Hot fur pressed up against your back.

Smothering whatever insecurities remain.

The faintest sound escapes your lips.

Weeks pass by but you can't stop thinking about it.

You and your sister go on a date at a drive-in movie about a killer car.

You don't find out that you're related until she asks you what you like to be called in bed.

You say the first thing that comes to mind.

Bright pink like bite marks or scratches.

You take some pictures before showering while the damage is still fresh.

She promises the next ones will be darker.
The knife against your jugular.
With one decisive motion your sister slits your throat.
She drinks from the spray like a fountain.
In that moment, she thrusts herself deep inside, filling
you with useless sperm.

Ejaculating to the beat of your dying heart.
The last thing you see and forget.
In death you both become transformed by the other,
your fates irrevocably entwined.

You're not sure why these fantasies belong to you or
where they came from.

Once you're dressed again you write a memo in your
phone, so you'll remember later to write more about them.

You've only been dating for a week when suddenly
you're invited to an orgy.

Sitting in the corner watching muscles move.

Waiting for the drugs to kick in.

In this light, you wonder why you're still wearing
your latex jumpsuit.

A length of rope leads up to the chandelier.

Crystals glisten overhead as she pulls your head back,
pouring the wine down your open throat.

The flesh is consecrated, urine has been blessed.

Your present covenant is overwritten.

Vomit out these newly christened blasphemies while wolves take turns fucking your face, matting their gray pubic mounds with puke.

They hold your hair back to keep it clean, and also because it feels good when they do so.

One of them calls you a good girl.

You correct them and ask them if they can call you a boy instead and then you say that you are sorry but they gently remind you there's nothing to be sorry about.

You're not sure why it matters either way.

Words are just words.

Stop trying to understand the ones that you like.

Your aching wrists draw you back into the moment.

You can't relax your knees because your wrists aren't strong enough to support you.

Sweat dripping past ashen bile, trailing flecks of freshly unswallowed communions.

Reaching out to the heavens, perpetual discomfort.

Lush and musky scents escaping from your pits as ravenous beasts line up to lick them.

Reminds you of mushrooms.

There is still so much for you to learn.

Thrashing against the metaphor at hand.

Gnawing softly at your gag.

You're going to make a zine about it, in the summer.

She takes you there, to the training compound, alone.

Humanoid monstrosities towering above the bridge.

You begin the automated startup sequence.

The controls feel second nature now.

It's so strange having this degree of autonomy.

No voices in your head to tell you what to do.

You let yourself get a little bit cocky.

You think you've got the upper hand because she's really good at lying.

She knows exactly where your center of mass lies, how to turn the situation so, there, her plasmatic blade glancing your pink rubber tummy.

Your belly burns and stings.

Smoke leaks into your cockpit, getting you high.

The elongated head of her armored skull the size of a house twisted into a sadistic grin.

Neon eyes project something like a vague delight.

You were never very good at recognizing emotions.

From here, she methodically goes about smashing your limbs, rendering your synthetic exterior useless.

Hydraulic joints creak as she bends your legs up over your chest.

Face to face with your cockpit.
A nuclear strap, oozing radiation from the tip.
The sensation is transmitted telepathically.
Cancer bubbling up inside your artificial guts.
Stuffed to the brim with radiation.
Fucking you into a scrap heap.
Flayed strips of plastic dripping oil.
False body molded to fit around her own.
You strain to remember all of this for later.
You reason that, in giving these concepts a tangible
form, they might outlive this present moment.
Your teacher disagrees with your technique.
She says you're more interested in being remembered
than telling a story.
Realistically, all narratives eventually end in death.
What makes yours any different?
Perhaps you ought to try your hand at pornography.
Your body wasn't made to stay this still.
In time your bonds will need to be loosened.
Someone you whose name you do not know will
massage your wrists and hold you as you leak.
You can't stay here forever.
People will need to sleep.
You'll go home or find somewhere else to crash.

Tomorrow angels will come to kill you and everyone you know unless you and a few other teenagers roughly the same age as you get into facsimile replicas of yourselves and kill them all first.

You can barely pilot that thing, how the fuck are you supposed to kill GOD?

You don't want to worry about all of that now.

Stay here with your anus wrapped around her fist.

She could be anyone, really.

This doesn't have to be the last time.

Oh, but you're desperate for her, specifically.

No one else has seen ever seen you like this before.

She had to rip you open by force so you could finally be made vulnerable and now you're afraid no one else will ever come along so bold as to finger at your seams.

She hurts you again so you can stop thinking about it.

You try to tell her something so lovely and romantic she will never want to leave you, but the words come out all wrong, and besides, she can't hear you from down there.

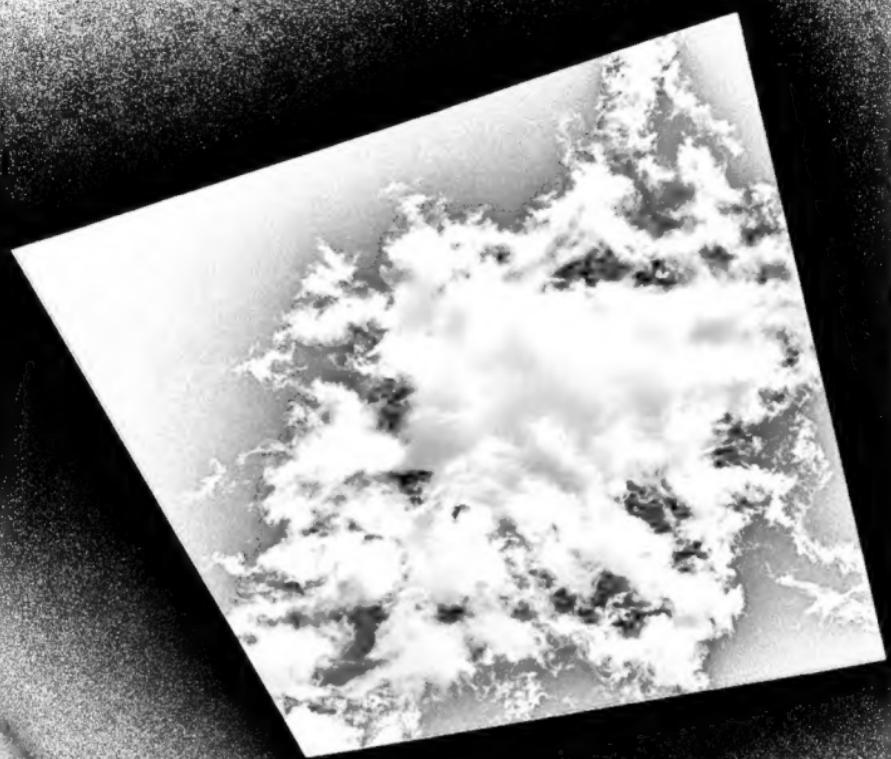
You talk too much for a dumb hole, she says.

Shut up.

Think about how good I feel inside of you.

Bark for me, faggot.

You're mine now.



edited by natalie tautou mommyswomb.itch.io

